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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THANKSGIVING ODE.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.
O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due;
The fullness shames our discontent.
We shut our eyes, and corn-ears bloom;
We murmur, but the flocks are full;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.
Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?
Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's
arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.
And let these altars, wreathed with
flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the later rain!

The American Thanksgiving.

Ever it is true that the great peoples are those who give open thanks to the Power they recognize for the good which comes to him. Something in the strong heart has made Thanksgiving an instinct of forceful civilization. It has been so since the time when Miriam, the prophetess, played upon the timbrel while her handmaidens danced and the daring Israelites praised God because they had safely passed the sea. The old Greeks made thank-offerings to their gods, and the bearded Norsemen expressed their clamorous gratitude to Odin and Thor. To the world-dominating Anglo-Saxon, with his religion of Christ, came the same impulse, and it has clung to him in each vast wilderness he has invaded. Not only has he been a giver of thanks, but he has dignified and glorified the duty and made it a feature of his national life.

It was almost a matter of course that there should suggest itself to the Puritans, rigid and God-fearing as the most earnest of Cromwell's roundheads, the idea of a Thanksgiving that should be formal, but it was from the flux of a new nature's munificent influence upon their lives that there came a mellowing in the character of the day's observance, that a certain hardness disappeared, and that the occasion became one of open joyousness. The little shrub of observance planted in 1621 by the good Gov. Bradford, has grown into a mighty tree with flowers amid its fruit.

It was good, all that happened about the time of the first Thanksgiving day. The Pilgrim fathers were in a particularly jubilant mood—for them—on that occasion. Years of scanty crops and threatening starvation had been followed by a bountiful harvest and there was an absolute geniality in the preliminaries to the famous dinner. It was to be a game dinner, a dinner fit for any epicure who ever lived, and none so mean in all the colony but should be present. So were opened the hearts of those rugged worshippers that they were not content with even this but summoned old Sachem Massasoit and all his swart retainers, and when the feast was spread, red man and white sat down together and were brothers.

Here was Christian spirit here was an exhibition of that broad humanity and care for the other man taught by Him who walked the strand of Galilee. Here was practical Christianity, and who shall say that from this hour when such kindly hospitality was shown when the good things God has bestowed upon men were eaten appreciatively and joyously and when thanks were given more sonorously than in the past there was not given birth to the germ of that broadness and joyousness, even in worship, which has become a trait of the American character.

So we have made of Thanksgiving a day of gratitude all untrammelled, a day the accompaniments of which are merry, as they should be. The reunion of families and of friends, the feasting and the laughter, even the legend of the ennobled American bird, all combine to make of the day something genuine and religiously beautiful. There is strain of the timbrel. Never was a greater national holiday, never one more perfect in its spirit. It is in itself one of the things to be thankful for to the Power which has so blessed so vast a land.—Stanley Waterloo.

Grounds for Thankfulness.

Thanksgiving day again! Well, I haven't anything to be thankful for," announced Mrs. Blimmer, at the breakfast table, as she looked across at her husband.

"Why, my dear," replied he, "I have you."

"You have me," replied Mrs. Blimmer. "And that is something for me to be thankful for, is it? Well, not that I know of, it isn't, Frederick Blimmer. Thankful that I have you indeed? It was the greatest mistake of my life in marrying you, and I have never ceased to regret it. It was all right to marry me, so far as you were concerned. It was quite a feather in your cap to marry one of the Jonesey girls, but I think I must have been clean out of my mind when I said yes, and I think all my folks must have been plumb crazy ever to think of letting me marry you. I had an idea that I loved you, but I see now that I didn't know what an idea was, and if I had it to do over again I'd marry any man in the whole wide world before I'd come to you, Frederick Blimmer. And you needn't try to interrupt me, as you always do when I have a word to say, for I'll not listen to you. It isn't as though I had no chance to marry any other man, either, that I took you. I could have married Joe Simpson, as fine a man as ever walked on two legs, and he treats his present wife like as if she was an angel from heaven, and she's not his choice, either. Then, Jack Dukes was fairly pining away for me, but I didn't have sense enough to marry him, although I knew he was only waiting for a little encouragement but I was that independent I never would encourage a man the least bit. Besides those two there was Frank Palmer, who fairly worshiped the ground I walked on, but I wouldn't have anything to do with him because his hair was red, but it's a mighty fine-looking man he's got to be, and they do say his wife doesn't want for a thing, and she's a proud of him as if he was a king, and—Frederick Blimmer, what are you putting on your overcoat for? Didn't you say that you had a holiday to-day, and that we would spend a happy Thanksgiving day together, like we did when we were first married? Oh, well, go out if you want to; but if you are not home by 1 o'clock sharp not a bit of Thanksgiving dinner do you get."

First Thanksgiving Dinner

The first Thanksgiving was appointed by Gov. Bradford, at Plymouth, Mass., in 1621, the year following the landing of the Pilgrims, in order that the Colonists in a more special way could rejoice together at having all things in good and plenty, writes Clifford Howard in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. In preparation for the feast, "gunners" were sent into the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded there in numbers; kitchens were made ready for preparing the feast—especially the large one in Dame Brewster's house, which was under the immediate direction and charge of Priscilla Mullins, she who afterward became the wife of John Alden—while a messenger was dispatched to invite Massasoit, the chief of the friendly tribe, to attend the celebration.

"Early on the morning of the appointed Thursday—about the first of November—Massasoit and ninety of his warriors arrived on the outskirts of the village, and with wild yells announced their readiness to enjoy the hospitality of their white brethren. The little settlement, which now consisted of seven dwellings and four public buildings, was soon astir with men, women and children, who gave the Indians a hearty welcome as they filed into the large square in front of the Governor's house. Soon the roll of a drum announced the hour of prayer, for no day was begun without this religious service. Then followed a holiday of feasting and recreation, which continued not only that day but during the two succeeding days. The usual routine of duties was suspended; the children romped about in merry play; the young men indulged in athletic sports and games in friendly rivalry with

the the Indians; the little American army of twenty men, under the leadership of Miles Standish, went through its drill and manual of arms, to the great delight and astonishment of the natives, while the women busied themselves in the careful preparation of the excellent meals, which were eaten in the open air."

Give Thanks.

The spirit of gratitude to the personal God and Giver of every good and perfect gift should so abound in us that one day of annual thanksgiving would be altogether too brief a time to tell the story of our grateful love. The value of the observance of a special day of national thanksgiving, aside from its influence upon the national life, is in this: that it should crown a year of grateful personal life and inaugurate a new year of continual thanksgiving to God for his constant mercies. Our debt of gratitude cannot be paid in a day. He who habitually offers sacrifices of thanksgiving day by day will most naturally observe with special prayer to God and gifts to the needy the special day which calls for concerted action.

The blessedness of a thankful spirit is in this, that it doubles the value to us of the Lord's benefits. Take, for instance, the common mercy of daily food. We eat it without recognition of the divine agency in its provision, and then only the life of the flesh is nourished thereby. We receive it with thanksgiving to our divine Provider, and then, not only is the body fed, but the heart also; the life of affection glows with us as we feel our distinction from the lower orders of life which are incapable of intelligent appreciation of the care of their Creator.

There is another thing which a thankful spirit can do. It can transmute the tribulations of life into occasions of joy. It discovers the silver lining to the clouds which so often darken the present life. With empty arms and treasures lost we can yet rejoice in God, the rock of our salvation, for our faith assures us that in the end good shall come out of present distress. Nothing in the way of prosperity or adversity can separate us from the love of God. A thankful life is not a life of isolation. It has a leavening power in the community and in the state. Thankful persons make a grateful and happy people, whose God is the Lord. Their common love toward God is a bond which unites them to one another.—*Midland Christian Advocate*.

National Thanksgiving Days.

During the revolution, a day of national thanksgiving was annually recommended by Congress. After the constitution was adopted, Washington appointed such a day, and several other Presidents did the same. In 1863 Lincoln made a proclamation for national observance, and since then a proclamation has been issued each year, the last Thursday in November being set aside as Thanksgiving day. The Pilgrim held their first Thanksgiving in America in October, 1621, ten months after their landing at Plymouth. Occasional days for Thanksgiving were appointed in the years 1633, 1634, and many before 1680, but the first appointment of a national Thanksgiving day was by President Washington in 1789.

Let Us Give Thanks Unto the Lord.

"Let us give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy endureth forever. Yes; He is good. Despite all the mystery, pain, and sorrow of life, we believe and feel that He is good. It is written deep down in our hearts. If it were not so, we could not live. With real disbelief of God's goodness we would go mad or die. Our truer hearts contradict our wayward thoughts. The profound uncertainty of Christian consciousness flows on undisturbed, though contrary winds sweep the surface of the stream of life. God is good, and we will give thanks unto Him in our watch through the troubled night waiting for the break of day.—*Christian Advocate*."

Give Thanks.

"Give thanks to God, he reigns above.
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;
His mercies ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own."

Who is there that is enjoying to a reasonable degree the multiform blessings that are the concentrated and preserved treasures of all the past ages, that should not, occasionally at least, render thanks unto Him who is the source of all things? How appropriate that the best nation on earth should each year set aside one day as a time for special thanksgiving. This is the time for family reunions—the day when the sweet voice of the mother is heard again by those who have left the family nest. 'Tis a day sacred because of its mission. 'Tis sacred to render thanks to God, but only greater in degree than the sacredness of the home circle, where father, mother, brothers and sisters, meet only to commune as in by-gone days. Let us carry into the old home all the joy, all the sunshine, all the hopefulness of our younger experience, and make the day sweet and hopeful and hallowed. For such it was intended. Let us fulfill our share of its mission.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

A bustle in the kitchen,
A smell of cakes and pies,
Children running every where,
With bright and wondering eyes.

Rows and rows of good things
On the closet shelves,
A cunning little table
All to themselves.

Such a splendid dinner
Coming on at last,
Knives and forks a clattering,
Tongues that go as fast.

Applaud in the evening
Lots of juicy pie,
At a table at grandma's
On Thanksgiving Day.
—Babyland.

True Thanksgiving.

True Thanksgiving is consecrated—the sincere and devout acknowledgment of God's claims upon us by the bringing of every power into cheerful subjection to the divine will. That, however, is the thanksgiving of the individual soul within the sacred precincts of its most exalted consciousness where God and the soul are in communion. The more formal thanksgiving, to which the people are summoned by the proclamations of their chief magistrates in recognition of God's bountiful providence, appeal to the individual as a member of the community and a sharer in the common benefits which come to the people through the goodness of God. Yet here the same question may be asked: What shall I, the citizen, the neighbor, the individual member of society, render unto God for all the benefits which I share, in common with others, for the order peace and prosperity of the community and which each person enjoys because there is a community of interest and of life?—*Northern Christian Advocate*.

That is an impoverished soul that cannot on Thanksgiving day lift itself up in praise. This is the festival of households and the festival of commonwealths. Then, let us be glad before Him and bless His name. Think of God's mercy to our homes. Are our families unbroken? Are we glad in the love of dear ones left to us? Let us give thanks to the God of households. Think of God's mercy to our land. Have we been spared the pangs of famine and pestilence? Have our fields given rich harvests? Let us give thanks to the God of nations. Thanksgiving comes with its annual reminder of the fathers, who in the midst of their poverty and distress thanked God for their blessings and had hope for the future. It is the self-sacrifice of one generation that constitutes the prosperity of the next. The rock of Plymouth is no stony boulder to be shielded from rough contact by a marble canopy. It is rather a sure faith in the supreme obligations of duty and of personal character as the main element of durable success.—*The Independent*.

Modern Uses of Glass.

According to Pliny, the discovery of glass, like many another article that has proved of immense benefit to mankind, was entirely fortuitous. A merchant ship laden with nitre (a fossil alkali) being driven ashore on the coast of Galilee in 77 A. B., the crew went ashore for provisions, which they cooked by the water's edge, constructing a rough support for their utensils out of pieces of their cargo, which produced a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire, and afforded the hint for the manufacture of glass. Visitors to the Chicago Exhibition could not have failed to notice several offices, workshops and stores constructed entirely of hollow glass bricks, to which a highly decorative effect was given by using bricks of variegated color, joined with a colorless cement, and which, when lit from within by the electric light, presented a fairy-like aspect, unapproached by structures of glass and iron, such as our Crystal Palace. They need not, however, have travelled so far to see an erection of his nature, for a glass factory at Liverpool has glass journal-boxes for all its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof, and a chimney 105 feet high, built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

Several patents for roofing-glass have been taken out during the last few years, the best perhaps being that in which, during manufacture, the glass is molded upon steel-wire netting, which greatly increases its strength without appreciably lessening its transparency, and allows of its being used in much larger sheets. A Paris firm of glassmakers, MM. Apert Freres, now produce some porous glass to be used for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit of draught, but cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room. By means of the toughening process, glass railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floor-plates, grindstones, etc., have been produced. Articles of dress are now being extensively made of this material. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed, having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fibre of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of durable nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed by a hard brush with soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tablecloths, napkins and window-curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next the skin.

A most dangerous fashion obtained a few years back, fortunately not to a very wide extent, and only for a short time—namely, sprinkling the hair, dresses, and flowers at balls, parties, and theatres with powdered glass. The inhalation of these minute particles of glass, one of the deadliest forms of slow poison and perfectly insoluble, sets up serious inflammation in the pulmonary organs, stomach, throat, and other membranes to which it adheres; and, moreover, these grains injuriously affect the delicate structure of the eye. A letter setting forth the serious effects resulting from this practice at a Christmas gathering in Coventry, appeared in the *Standard* of December 29, 1888.

A church bell of green glass, fourteen inches high and thirteen in diameter, was placed in the turret of the chapel at the Grange, Borewoodale, in October, 1859; and now we are told that glass is to be used

as a filling for teeth, especially the front ones, where it will be less conspicuous than gold, and, in fact, indistinguishable from the tooth surface.

One of the most curious inventions of this inventive age is platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum, and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form a very odd kind of mirror. The glass has not lost its transparency, yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it, he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But, when light is allowed to pass through from the outer side, as in a window-pane, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass. By constructing a window of this material, one could stand close behind the panes, in an unilluminated room, and see clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror, or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected and the persons inside remain invisible. In France various tricks have been played. In one, a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure which has been hidden behind the magic glass. What wonders might a magician of the dark ages have wrought with a piece of platinized glass?

At the Twenty-Fourth Hour.

When Cardinal Montalto became Sixtus V, he speedily threw off the disguise which had enveloped his former life and made the astounded onlookers know that in place of a docile instrument they had elected an inflexible master.

It had been the custom of nobles coming to Rome to be escorted whenever they went out by a "following" more like any army than an escort, and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street a violent struggle for precedence would take place and blood be freely shed.

Sixtus V resolved to put down this practice and sent an official notice prohibiting every noble without exception from being followed by more than 20 attendants. Every one, also, of whatever degree who should carry any sort of firearms (pocket pistols being especially mentioned) should thereby incur the penalty of death.

Just after the promulgation of the pope's orders Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, arrived in Rome. On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarina to a magnificent banquet. Wine flowed freely, and the night waxed late when the gay guests began to discuss the edict of his holiness. Several wild young spirits, and among them Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly.

Next morning Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the pope.

Ranuccio, in short, went to the Vatican and asked an audience of his holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall at the very feet of Sixtus a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle. Without a moment's hesitation the pope summoned his uards and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo to the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death.

The news spread rapidly. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican and, falling at the feet of the pope, with tears in his eyes, pleaded his nephew's cause.

The pope's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction. A criminal and nothing more. Nor dare I exercise clemency, which would be nothing but weakness."

The governor of the castle received notice that Ranuccio should be executed precisely at 24 o'clock (in Italy the hours are reckoned from 1

to 24, commencing at sunset). Angeli, the governor, signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live.

The announcement of his doom was greeted with laughter by the reckless prisoner, as he could not think that the pope would strike off a head that was almost crowned. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the church, followed by the executioner, asking for his last orders!

Meanwhile Cardinal Farnese was not idle. He consulted with his friend, Count Olivares, the Spanish ambassador, and they resolved to obtain by stratagem what had been refused to their prayers.

"Our only plan," said the cardinal, "is to stop all the clocks in Rome. Meanwhile do you occupy Angeli's attention."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and at the appointed hour Time changed his noisy course as if by magic into a silent flight. Two clocks—those of St. Peter and St. Angelo—were put back 20 minutes, their proximity to the prison requiring this change.

The execution was to be in private, but Olivares, as ambassador, was permitted to remain with the governor. A single glance showed him that the clock was going right—that is to say, that it was quite wrong.

Olivares, in order to gain time, began to converse on every imaginable subject, but the governor would not listen.

"My orders," he said, "are imperative. At the first stroke of the clock all will be over." He called, "Is all prepared?"

All was prepared. The attendants, like their master, were only awaiting the hour.

"This strange," muttered the governor, "I should have thought—"

"At least, if you will not delay, do not anticipate," interrupted Olivares.

Despite the delay, it wanted only ten minutes to the fatal hour.

Meanwhile the cardinal repaired to the pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch. On the testimony of that unerring timepiece, Ranuccio was already executed.

"What seek you?" asked the pope. "The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma."

Sixtus traced the following words. "We order our governor to deliver to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese."

The cardinal rushed toward the castle, and just in time. His nephew had his neck bared, his hands tied, and he was repeating what seemed his last prayer.

"A pardon, a pardon!" shouted Olivares.

The executioner began to unloose his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause.

"The body of Ranuccio Farnese," the governor read and re-read.

"Why these words, 'the body of?'" "Is that all; said the cardinal at that perilous moment looking paler than his nephew. "Look at the clock; it still wants two minutes to the time, and I received that paper a quarter of an hour since."

The governor bowed; the argument was irresistible. Ranuccio was given to his deliverers. A carriage with four fleet horses waited outside the prison, and in a few moments the cardinal and the young prince were galloping on the road to Parma.

Just then the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison.—*London News*.

Why She Enjoyed It.

On Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards, he was accosted by an old woman, who said:

"Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach."

The minister was aware that he was not very popular and answered:

"My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?"

"Oh, sir, she replied, 'when you preach I always get a good seat!'"—*Scottish Night*.

If we are not to be generous where we are strong, in heaven's name where are we to be generous?

OHIO.

The Fantomime Drew a Full House.

PLUCKY FOOT BALL PLAYERS.

Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

That was a good entertainment, "Humpty Dumpty" played for the benefit of the Home Saturday evening. It drew a big crowd, the seating capacity of the chapel being overtaxed, so the gallery was called into use. There was no dry part in the play, the audience being kept in a mirthful mood throughout. All the actors performed their individual parts well. Following was the cast of characters and synopsis:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Humpty Dumpty (afterward Clown)..... Warren Albert
Old One-Two (afterward Pantaloon)..... W. W. Smith
Tommy Tucker (afterward Harlequin)..... Henry Munday
Goody Two-Shoes (afterward Columbine)..... Elizabeth DeLancy
Red Glare..... James Thompson
Dare Cure-All..... W. Reynolds
Starching the Pop..... John Winemiller
Marketwoman..... Gus Kaintz
Washerwoman..... Gus Kaintz
Pie-man..... John Winemiller
Bill-Poster..... Gus Kaintz
Villager..... David Friedman
Citizen..... Frank Walton
Villager..... Ernest Craig
Policeman..... Ernest Craig
Sam, Doctor's Attendant..... Oren Riddle
Tinsmith..... Rufus Jeffries
Butcher..... Avory VanEmon
Barleque..... George Martin
Villager..... Blanche Greene, E. Fisch, K. Jansen and A. Charlton.

SYNOPSIS:

ACT I.—HOME OF OLD ONE-TWO.—Birth of Humpty Dumpty.—Frolic of villages.—Arrival of Tommy Tucker and his adventures.

ACT II.—Grotesque skaters.

ACT III.—STREET.—Comical encounters and mistakes.

After the play, the performers were treated to a little entertainment down in the dining room, where the good things for the inner man were discussed in a delightful manner and full justice done to the fine menu set out. The total receipts from the sale of tickets were \$66.40; the expenses were \$8.55. The barn fund will receive \$50, the balance \$7.95 will be used for other purposes. It is proposed to give exhibitions of the play in some of the surrounding towns during the seasons and in this way raise sufficient money to build the much needed barn at the Home. Messrs. McGregor and Zorn are the managers of the affair.

Mr. Ed. Holycross, owner of the *Deaf World*, thinks like Bennett, of the *Herald* "that where a man's treasure is there his heart is also." By a recent change in the *Citizen* office Mr. Holycross was promoted to third regular ads. man, insuring him a permanent position on the printing force of the paper and thus aiding his pet scheme along, the success of the *Deaf World*.

During the day he works on the *Citizen*, and looks after the editing of his paper in the evening. The management of the paper is left to Frank E. Philpot, who sees to its getting out on schedule time.

The Independent foot-ball team played their first game abroad Saturday with the strong Otterbein team at Westerville. The team consisting of twelve players with Coach Zorn and Mr. Beecholt and W. W. Smith left at about 12 noon. Soon after reaching the Lazarus store, it began to rain, but the downpour was nothing to cause the loss of hope for the plucky Independents. The boys arrived in Westerville at 1:30 P.M., and were immediately escorted to the college gymnasium, where they dressed for the game. The Independents received the loss and chose the north goal line. The kick off began at 2:30, and by fast team work, the Independents were enabled to advance over 50 yards. Here a fumble lost them the ball, but the best part of the game for 15 minutes was then played, the ball being tossed from one team to another, ending with the Westerville boys getting the pigskin and keeping it until the first touchdown was made. Score: Otterbein 6, Independents 0. During the first half of the game one of the Independents, Thompson, was injured, and the other players had received bruises, but patiently they went back to the field after ten minutes rest. The college boys had several new men on the second half, and considering the weight per man the Independents were out-weighted by 25 pounds. Otterbein finding their opponents worn out, had a peach pie before them and had no difficulty in reaching their goal. The Independents, though they were defeated 28 to 0, put up a very snappy fight, and this can be proven by the congratulations that followed immediately after the game. The tackling of W. Wilds,

Van Emon and Albert, and the beautiful runs by Winemiller and Van Emon were the features of the Independents, while the Otterbein backs and ends, who stood over 6 feet high had too much praise to mention. Immediately after the game the Independents were taken to a hotel, where they justified their appetite. At 5:30 they left for home, reaching there all right but very tired.

The line up was as follows:

INDEPENDENTS. OTTERBEIN 28.
W. Wilds Right tackle Howard
G. Wilds Right guard Van Sickle
Adelson Center Thorne
Arras Left guard Turbin
Young Left tackle Miller
Kaintz Left half back Wodles

Winemiller Right half back Capt. Gantz
Capt. Craig Right end Altman
Albert Full back Hal

Time of halves 20 minutes. Umpire—Mr. Jones. Referee—Zorn. Timekeeper—Keller. Linesmen—W. W. Smith and Lloyd.

Here, at home, the second Independents tackled the High School club in the afternoon, and had no difficulty in giving their opponents to understand that they knew something of football. When the game ended, the score stood Independents, 46; High School, 0.

The many friends here of Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Pratt learned with surprise that the mother of Mrs. Pratt passed away on the 12th inst., at the home of her daughter in Flint, Mich., where she had been visiting since last summer. Her name was Sarah Harper. She had been making her home alternately with a brother in Kansas and Mrs. Pratt. She was in her seventy eighth year at the time of death. Her remains were taken to Lima, this state, for interment beside those of her husband. The sincere sympathy of those who know Mr. and Mrs. Pratt will go out to them in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. A. W. Colegrove, nee Betsey Morse, an old time graduate, passed away October 25th, at her home in Nebo, Ky. She had been for 28 years a great sufferer from kidney trouble, and had been confined to bed since last Christmas. She was married to Mr. A. W. Colegrove in 1870. As far as we know, there were no children from this union. She bore her affliction with great fortitude and Christian spirit and died with full faith in the Blessed Redeemer.

Messrs. Ed. L. and Lewis L. Conger are mourning the death of their aged father, which occurred suddenly on the morning of the 11th inst. He had been in robust health up to within two weeks of his death. He was a well-known and successful farmer of Huron County.

Mr. Albert Horn, of Zanesville, Ohio, a graduate of this school and a tailor by trade, is minus the end of a finger. While rolling a heavy barrel into the cellar last week, the little member got caught between the barrel and wall, and was pinched off in less time than takes to tell it. The accident will inconvenience him from work for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leib have bidden good-bye to Grant Avenue, and are now domiciled in a new house, the property of former steward Williams, on the West Side. Their address is now 125 Martin Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hines who have been visiting with friends in the city for the past two weeks, left for their home in Jeffersonville to-day.

Mr. Elmer Elsemy made a few days' visit with his wife who was with her parents at Kenton, last week and returned Sunday. While up there he put in part of the time quail hunting and met with fairly well success.

Mr. McGregor has been engaged to deliver a lecture before the "Lit" of Gallaudet College, on the evening of December 30th.

We made a call the other evening on the venerable Mr. George W. Wakefield, and found him still confined to bed, and it is hardly possible that he will again be able to leave it. The broken rib which result from a fall some time ago has healed. The trouble, however, is from the action of the heart, which is quite weak. He is in his 88th year and his mind is still clear. His niece, Mrs. Pierce, who has been with him for some six weeks, left Wednesday for Boston, and from there will return to her home in Pasadena, California, shortly. The Ladies Aid Society held a meeting Thursday evening. It voted to give as its Christmas present to the Home \$50 to be applied to the barn fund, also all the money it cleared at the recent Halloween social—about \$32. That's doing pretty well. We think the ladies will receive lots of thanks for their generous gift. Nor is that all; at the same meeting the society agreed to furnish the superintendent's and matron's room with several much-needed articles, that will cost in the neighborhood of \$75 or \$80.

People passing the Grigsby residence on Franklin Avenue, Sunday, could notice a very display of chrysanthemums and roses in the window. They were the gift of Mrs. H., from her husband, on the occasion of the birthday anniversary. She also received a fine oaken rocker as a memento of the day.

Nov. 18, '99. A. B. G.

FANWOOD.

A Description of the Institution Greenhouses.

COMPANY A WINS THE COLORS.

Happenings of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Wednesday was a rather disagreeable day. A day when one feels his spirits sinking into the soles of his boots and longs to cross the River Styx, suddenly and unbeknownst to such dear friends and relatives as he may have. A fog shut down on us in the afternoon, and added to the discomfort of a drizzling rain. To get away from the crowd of boys, who were trying hard to kill time pleasantly, your scribe sauntered over to the greenhouse. Mr. Petit, the horticulturist, threatened him with all sorts of dreadful punishments, to the extent that he would drive him insane with a lot of long Latin botanical terms, dug from the depths of a botanical encyclopedia.

The greenhouses were a blaze of beauty, dazzling the eye with the variety of colors. The plants were tastefully arranged. The large stand in the center of the palm house, was surrounded by several varieties of beautiful palms, around which were grouped the chrysanthemums, calla lilies, and numerous other spring and winter flowering plants. The chrysanthemums are nearly finished. During the past two months over 1100 chrysanthemums were cut, and about four or five hundred remain. They are of all shades of colors, ranging from pure white to pale pink and from pale yellow, to a deeper color, almost orange. One variety is dark red, and red with deep yellow pencilings. One plant was of extraordinary beauty. No less than thirty-four flowers on the single plant, and the flowers were of very large size. Unlike the blossoms one buys at the florists, these flowers were crisp and firm, not loose and flabby. Another variety of these flowers were the pompon chrysanthemums, about an inch in diameter, shades of white and yellow, and these are very effective in floral designs and in decorations. Over 100 varieties of chrysanthemums have been raised during the season.

The carnation house was next visited, most of the flowers had been cut in the morning, so not very many were left at the time of the visit in the afternoon. Here, too, the great pains the horticulturist had taken with the species, was apparent. The flowers were all of unusually large size and of a variety of colors, seldom seen except in the best greenhouses, and never met with in florists' stores. One species was named for Mrs. Currier, the flowers of a beautiful claret hue. Another kind was of pale yellow with pink pencilings. The General Maceo, a very beautiful specimen, almost black. The New York and Lily Dean, pink and white. Several English and American varieties, including the Day Break, and Mme Melba, named after the famous singer. As can be said of all the plants, they should be seen to be appreciated. An expert in flowers would find much to delight him in a few hours' visit. A specimen of cactus was on exhibition in the carnation house. The leaves of the plant were of light green, and shaped exactly like lobsters claws, ending in a tip of pinky blossoms.

In the rose house, the horticulturist has been laboring under difficulties. The house is so shaded that it is almost impossible to grow roses as they should be grown. A large mass of rock intercepts the sun's rays in the early morning, and the course of the sun is too far south during the rest of the day to give the rose house the needed amount of sunshine. Late in the afternoon, the institution buildings are in the shade for the greater part of the day. Notwithstanding these difficulties, some degree of success has been attained with the roses. From October 1st to November 15th, 823 roses have been cut. From the rose house, we passed into the tropical house. Here again was an effective mass of color. Great attention is paid to the temperature of this room. During the day the temperature ranges from 75 to 80 degrees, and at night about 65 degrees. Here can be seen several of the prize winners of the Institution. A recent one is the hares foot fern (common name). This specimen is in an 11-inch pan, and the leaves have a spread of 4 1/2 feet. It was mentioned in a recent issue of the *JOURNAL* as a prize winner at the American Institute Fair.

A perpetual flowering plant, with a brilliant crimson shield-shaped blossom, from the center of which rises a slender cone of deep yellow tipped with white, is an object of admiration to all visitors. Another plant, of one year's growth, is a prize winner. The leaves are bronze green and, under night light, glow like phosphorus, the blossoms are small and of a pink color. The shape and size of the plant would make it a prize winner and no doubt it will be exhibited in the near future.

A queer plant, which attracts much attention is the "cat's tail." Furry blossoms from two to three feet long, pale red color, droop from the stalk, and often exceed the length of the stalk itself. The African violet, is most attractive, differing from the American and English varieties. The leaves are more abundant, small and furry, and the blossoms are of a deeper blue than the domestic species. One plant, properly called the lace plant, from the fact that its leaves are traced with white lines, is greatly admired. This plant has a large spread, and it is intended to raise larger specimens in the future.

Enough has already been said, to give one an idea of the scale on which the greenhouses are conducted. We might add that the present building will soon prove inadequate. Every space is filled, and shelves have to be placed around the sides to make room for other plants. The floor under all the stands is also occupied. If such a state of affairs continues a new addition will have to be made. Besides the work in the greenhouses, much landscape gardening has been done by Mr. Petit and his assistants, and credit is due to his skillful management which gives Fanwood such an attractive appearance.

This year, "Founders' Day," as November 19th, the anniversary of the birthday of Dr. Harvey P. Peet is termed, occurred on Sunday. Mr. Clarke conducted chapel services in the morning. His text was a very appropriate one—"They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

Every year Founders' Day assumes a wider scope. Not only the life of the illustrious founder of this Institution is reviewed, but all the teachers and others who have labored towards the uplifting of the deaf, are remembered. Each year the list of our benefactors increases. It seems as if the subject will never be exhausted. Through the observance of the day we become more familiar with the history of the Institution and with the histories of the lives of those to whom the Institution is indebted for its present greatness.

It has been the custom for several years past to hold exercises in the chapel in the morning, and in the afternoon, a competitive military drill for the colors. This Sunday was visiting day. A large number of friends and relatives of the pupils, called to see them. Battalion parade and review was dispensed with, owing to the bad weather.

Monday afternoon the pupils were given a half holiday. After dinner the cadets donned their new uniforms and got ready for the competitive drill for the colors. Promptly at three o'clock, the first sergeants assembled the men of their respective companies, and after roll call, the companies were turned over to the captains. They then marched to the parade ground for battalion parade. Principal Currier as colonel and commandant of cadets was on hand with Mr. S. H. Adams, a reporter on the *New York Sun*. Major W. H. Van Tassel escorted the reviewing officer, Lieutenant Robert G. Butler, of the 22d Regiment, N. G. N. Y. Adjutant Rappoldt and Sergeant Major Brewer were at their posts. Company B preceded the other companies. Following came companies A, C and D. The battalion never presented a finer appearance before. The new uniforms were perfect military fits.

At the order of the adjutant the guides took their posts. The ranks were opened and the battalion presented arms. Major Van Tassel put them through the manual of arms. The first-sergeant reported and after the orders had been published, the battalion closed ranks and stood at ease. Battalion review followed. Lieutenant Butler was the reviewing officer, and after inspection the battalion passed in review, each company coming to port-arms as it passed the reviewing officer.

Battalion review over, the companies marched back to the boys' yard where the competitive drill was to be held. The ordeal began immediately. Company D, Captain William Renner, was put through the movements by Lieut. Butler, who acted as judge. This company was formed last year, and the judge was astonished and delighted at the way the drill was gone through. Next came company C, Captain Cohen. The members acquitted themselves very creditably.

Company B, Captain Anthony C. Reiff, followed, and Company A, Captain John H. Keiser, came last. After separate company drills, Companies A and B drilled together, as did Companies C and D. Lieut. Butler was very much impressed with Company D. Although only a short time has passed since that company was formed, the little boys have shown how quickly they mastered the drill. All the

manoeuvres were performed with great precision, and it made an on-looker long to match them with the best drilled cadets of their size in the United States. He hadn't the least doubt but they would win.

The winning company was not announced till Wednesday morning, when Principal Currier in the presence of all the cadets congratulated the Captain of Company A, on his company winning the colors for the third time. He added he hoped that it would prove an incentive to greater effort both in drill and conduct of the officers and men of the company. Company A goes to Lyric Hall on December 4th, to give an exhibition drill at the Entertainment of the League of Elect Surds.

The Junior Academic class entertained the members of the Fanwood Literary Association in the chapel, Saturday evening. The program was very well rendered. Miss McGirr, the blind and deaf girl, gave a reading entitled, "Florence Nightingale" and delivered it in a very creditable manner. Reading—"An interesting Beggar," Miss Katie Ehrlich; Dialogue—"Misses Mason and Dornblut," Declaration—"Disaster," Miss Van Valkenberg; Reading—"Bunglewits," Mr. Edward Elsworth; Dialogue—"The Philosopher and the Boatman," Messrs. Powell and Donald. President Fox closed the meeting with a few remarks humorous and otherwise.

IOWA.

(From our Iowa Correspondent.)

An event that had been looked forward to with great interest by the friends of the contracting parties took place this morning at 8 o'clock at the Cathedral, when Miss Elizabeth Gertrude McDonnell and Mr. Otto Schnoor were united in wedlock, the Rev. Father Toomey officiating. As the party entered the church and passed up the main aisle the great organ, with Miss Mary Carroll presiding, pealed forth the beautiful strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, and, on nearing the altar, the party took seat reserved for them. The church, which was crowded with friends who had come to witness the interesting ceremony, was brilliantly illuminated, and the legend, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," which is over the main altar and formed of gas jets, also added to the splendor of the occasion. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party, relatives and intimate friends repaired to the bride's home, 379 Main Street, where congratulations were extended and where a reception was held. Following this came a superb wedding breakfast, which was served in the handsome decorated dining room. The bride was attired in a gown of blue Venetian cloth, trimmed with real lace, and she carried brides roses. She is the daughter of Mr. John McDonnell, Township Trustee, and one of Dubuque's most highly respected citizens. She is a beautiful young lady of culture and refinement, and admired by all who know her. The groom is a young man whose manly ways and sterling worth have drawn about him many warm friends, who will wish him and his charming bride a long and happy life.

Among the relatives from abroad present were Mr. Bart McDonnell, of Hannibal, Mo., brother of the bride, who is an engineer running between Hannibal and St. Louis; Mrs. Tom Carey and family, of East Dubuque; the Misses Allie and Daisy Johnston, cousins of the bride, also of Hannibal; the daughters of Traveling Engineer Johnston, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and Mrs. Victor Gardener and son, Clarence, of Prairie Avenue, Chicago. There was a magnificent array of costly presents, and a substantial check from the bride's father.

Miss McDonnell was educated in the Iowa School for the deaf at Council Bluffs. She is an intelligent lady and has a host of friends. Mr. Schnoor was educated in the Wisconsin School for the deaf at Delavan. He has been a resident of Dubuque for eight years. He is employed in the Richardson Shoe Factory. He is a skilled laster and gets good wages.

Joe Zugenbueher is employed in the Richardson Shoe factory in another department.

Frank Schlazler is employed in the large Dubuque Saddle factory as a harness maker. This is a good trade for mutes.

Mr. Leitch, who was educated at the Illinois School for the Deaf at Jacksonville, is employed in the Carr, Ryder & Adams' sash and door factory at Dubuque. He is a skilled turner and receives good wages. Mr. Adams, of the firm, is a brother of Prof. Adams, of Washington, D. C.

Fred. Ward, who attended Gallaudet College for a term or two, is a type in the printing office with Matt. McCook. Mr. McCook is away in Minnesota, soliciting subscription. Mr. Ward is a good printer and is manager of the office. His family is with him in the city and they have a good home and are making many friends.

Mr. Standacher is away in Dakota, canvassing for magazines and other publications. He owns a house in Dubuque, where Mr. Ward lives.

Frank Hemmelder still runs his own cigar factory, and seems to be doing well. He has been in Chicago for several months on business and visiting his married sister.

Gustave Levi, who attended the Iowa School for the Deaf at Iowa City and at Council Bluffs, and attended the Gallaudet College one term, is considered to be the wealthiest deaf-mutes in Dubuque, if not the State of Iowa. He owns one third of the largest and finest dry good stores in the city. The building has been remodeled and put in fine style. He and wife own their own home valued at ten thousand dollars. He also owns the old homestead, where he was raised. He was born in France during a visit of his parents to relatives, but he is a good Hawkeye boy.

CHICAGO.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The only thing happening in the silent circles here, out of the ordinary run, has been the advent of Rev. A. W. Mann. Fresh from St. Louis and Columbus, he turned up at the social and held two services at the Trinity Episcopal Church. At the social he gave an impromptu lecture on Washington Irving, and commended New York's genial writer to the audience as a model of smooth and polished style. An insight of the history of Gotham by that writer was given—of Hendrich Hudson's voyage on the Half-Moon—the wonderment of the Indians, their flight into the swamps upon the roaring of a cannon on the vessel—the terrific battle between the Dutch and Swedes in which no one is killed, owing to the thick-skulled heads of the original "Vans"—the enforcement of order in council by Peter Van Stuyvesant with his wooden leg (the forerunner of Crocker)—were told in graphic sign-language, that will make the reading of Irving Knickerbocker papers a necessary adjunct to every well-informed mind.

The missionary, with his record of a quarter of a century's work, seems to be well appreciated among the hearing, for when he entered a St. Andrew Convention early in the morning, the Chautauquan salute greeted him and would not down for several minutes. At St. Louis, he met some thirty-five Bishops from all parts of the Union, and had met nearly all of them. Some way or another Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, was one of the foremost to advocate "the silent work" of our friend.

The miraculous curing of the paralysis of Namaan by Elisha, his refusal of gold proffered by the former, the duplicity of Elisha's servant in procuring it and his turning into a leper, for his "accursed thirst for gold," formed the theme of Mr. Mann's afternoon sermon.

At the latest accounts, the hear-boy of Mr. and Mrs. Huff, of Wallace St., was not expected to survive the right. Sympathies are here extended to the bereaved parents.

Miss Nellie Lamb has returned from North Adams, Michigan, and will remain in Chicago all this winter.

One of the happiest men in town is Fred Baars, and this is owing to the arrival of his wife and child from Orange, New Jersey. Taking advantage of reduced rates to the Export Exposition at Philadelphia, he took a "silent" trip there and on to Orange, where he met them and brought them back.

At the Victoria Hotel, there is a room which the clerks have always had great difficulty in renting. It is in the top floor right next the elevator, and the wheels make a noise, which is not conducive to rest. A guest never spent a night in it without registering a complaint the next morning. Finally the hotel attaches gave up trying to rent the room at all.

During the Fall Festival, they were obliged to assign a belated guest to the apartment. To the surprise of the clerks he spent a whole night in the room without making the least complaint. He slept another night in it, without a murmur, and seemed pleased at the smallness of his bill.

A few weeks latter, the hotel clerk got a letter from the guest, asking him to reserve the room for him. His request was granted, and he frequently occupied it whenever he came to Chicago. He scarcely spoke a word to the hotel employees, paying his bill in silence when it was presented. After months of speculation over this mysterious personage it was discovered that he was as deaf as a post, and therefore, the wheels did not disturb him in the least. The charge for the room just suited his pocketbook, and this coupled with his being oblivious to noise, explained why he always chose the room.

Rev. P. J. Hasenstab will deliver his annual Thanksgiving sermon at the Methodist Church in the afternoon. After the services are over, there will be a gathering at the Parsonage on Forest Avenue, for games and an auction of goodies.

Mr. Berg, of Indianapolis, expects to come to Chicago to witness the Chicago-Brown foot ball game on Thanksgiving.

Rev. A. W. Mann holds services at the Trinity Episcopal Church, November 19th, morning and afternoon. The usual social will be held on the evening of the 18th inst.

The Club gives a Morocco party, the same night, in room 608 of Handel Hall.

Miss Bessie Wayman started for Dubuque, Iowa, where she will be the guest of the Kienes.

Mr. Gotthamer won first prize, and Mr. Wedekind the booby prize, at the whist tournament of the club last Saturday night.

Fred. Baars has moved from the North East Hotel to a place nearer to his printing job.

Inclement weather prevented your correspondent from visiting the Drainage Canal last Sunday. It will connect the Mississippi River with Lake Michigan soon.

PHILADELPHIA.

United for Weal or Woe.

A BANQUET ON DEC. 11.

A Variety of News Items.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Mr. Harry C. Fernekees and Miss Ella May Ike were married at Allentown, Pa., on Wednesday evening, November 15th. Mr. Julius Brenneisen, of this city, witnessed the ceremony which took place at the bride's home.

Preparations are being made for observing Gallaudet Day in this city. But it is probable that the celebration will be confined to a banquet at Tagg's Maennerechor Hall, corner of Franklin Street and Fairmount Avenue, scarcely two blocks from All Souls' Church. The matter is in charge of a committee, consisting of Messrs. R. E. Underwood and Edward D. Wilson. On account of December 10th, falling on Sunday, the banquet will be held on the following Monday evening. It is proposed to make the affair open to all who desire to join in honoring the memory of Gallaudet, although it is being arranged by a committee of the Cleric Literary Association.

Mr. Charles W. Campbell, of Germantown, celebrated his birthday anniversary by a party, on November 10th. He was well remembered with presents by friends. A pleasant evening was passed, during which refreshments were served. Among those present were Mrs. William Lee, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. King, Mrs. J. D. Ziegler, Mrs. J. M. Koehler, Mrs. L. A. Harrison, Miss S. McKee, Mrs. W. J. Syle, and Mr. John Q. Hahn.

Mr. John Yerkes, brother of our Adolph, went on a gunning expedition in New Jersey, last week, and bagged twenty (20) rabbits. His return home, on Saturday afternoon last, was celebrated by a party and supper, at which *sour-kraut* predominated. Among those present were Mrs. Bella Yerkes, Misses Laura and Bella Yerkes, and Messrs. Adolph Yerkes, A. Thinkle, W. Adams, John Kohlmann, Jr., A. Sappington, J. Mitchell, J. Yerkes, Jr., J. Kurtz, and J. Kirkbide.

Mr. James L. Robb, an employee of the Water Bureau, is confined to his home by illness.

Mr. Charles M. Pennell was in West Chester, last week, for a couple of days looking after the disposition of the estate of a deceased relative.

Mr. Samuel S. Hass, of Shamokin, Pa., is visiting the city after an absence of twenty years. He will pass about a week here. He reports the deaf of his town all well and as doing nicely, not one being out of employment. He also expressed great surprise at the marked improvement which Philadelphia has made since his school days.

Mr. and Mrs. Abbey Koffman, of New York, are at present sojourning here.

Miss Blanche, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Van Courtlandt, was married to Mr. Harry Tuttle, on the 13th of November. Mr. Tuttle is employed at Cramp's shipyard, where his father is also superintendent of a department.

Miss Ida Gotsh mourns the loss of her father, who died on October 24th, after a prolonged illness. We extend her our sympathy.

Miss Hannah Reidy has been sick for a week, and will return to her home in the western part of the State soon.

Mr. J. McCullough, formerly of Wilmington, Del., but now of New York, has been visiting Wilmington, Del., Upland, Pa., and this city. He stopped here to see the Export Exposition and returns to New York to-day (Monday).

Mrs. Mary H. Rocaap and Miss Mary E. Taylor have returned to the city for the winter. The former was staying at Olney and the latter at West Chester.

Messrs. John K. Denlinger and John Bowers, of Lancaster, Pa., made a flying visit to the city, last week, to see the Export Exposition.

At Collegeville, Pa., on Saturday, 18th, the P. I. D., first team, of Mt. Airy, defeated the Ursinus Second in an exciting game of foot ball. The score was 16 to 0.

The Philadelphia Sunday Press reported the following:

CHESTER, PA., Nov. 18 (Special).—The strong Chester ex-High School team defeated the second team from the Mt. Airy Deaf and Dumb academy to-day by the score of 17 to 0. The home team averaged at least 30 pounds per man more in weight than the visitors.

It has been decided to give a "bag party" at All Souls' Hall, on Thanksgiving evening. The proceeds will be applied to the Church. A pleasant time is anticipated.

Nov. 20, '99. J. S. R.

The unselfish soul speaks an unknown tongue—the largest part of mankind knowing only the lingo of self.

TROY, N. Y.

One on Charles F. Mull, and a huge one, too, which was enjoyed by all who had before fared badly at the hands of Charlie. After the game with tin plate was over and every participant thereof was fined any thing he or she could give, in lieu of money, from hair-pin to shoe-hook, Keenan who had collected the "fines" on the occasion, looked around, with one arm akimbo, for a young man fit to fill the position of a judge. Seeing in him a dignified man, Keenan crooked his finger at Charlie to come and help dispose of the "cases." After the first few persons had been "punished" Keenan now tapped judge's head and said "Coarse." Judge thought a minute or two, then brightening up, said: "I order that he blacken his two cheeks with burned cork or stovesoot, then brush his cheeks against the rosy cheeks of a certain damsel." Immediately producing an article before the judge's face, Keenan said in glee, "Here is your pencil." So Charlie had to step down and out to accomplish it then retire to "private life."

Philip Johnson shook hands with me. Oh, no, not exactly; for he actually shook his first at me. The cause of it was the omission of his name in my last letter, in connection with the recent party which he and H. Held and Keenan had made a success in every way. I had intended to write those gents up next, but unfortunately, as fate would have it, their visions faded away and I thought no more of them until it was too late. Sorry.

John R. Becker's oldest son, of about 13 years, is a great help to John. The smart boy knows how to milk cows, feed the cattle, stew, pumpkins, potatoes, etc., in a large pot for pigs; in fact, he could do any thing his pa wishes him to. Though gifted with hearing and speech, the boy understands the sign language quite well. Recently Mr. Becker and myself were engaged in the discussion of something, the boy seemed to listen (with eyes of course) with interest. When we got through, the boy talked of the same subject to the writer's surprise.

John T. Campbell, not being satisfied with his work in Cohoes, resigned, packed up and jumped aboard a car for Lansingburgh, where he has got a better place.

F. Morrissey, after several months' absence in Pougekeepsie, is home, apparently cured.

Miss Annie Palmer's folks came near moving to Schenectady, but somehow they at last decided to remain in Troy. So the Electric City has not gained anything by it.

The idea of a stage party to Guilderland has been abandoned.

At present writing, James F. O'Neil, of Brooklyn, is in Troy, visiting relatives.

A number of friends surprised young George Gilboe, on Saturday evening last, by calling and taking possession of the house. All enjoyed the amusing games. Refreshments were served, and every one present was happy.

Cornelius Delory, while at work in the foundry, met with a bad accident, which confined him to his home. His foot was scalded.

George Gilboe spent a few days at Schenectady as the guest of Samuel Couture, last week.

Mr. Vischer, of Crescent, who was present at the recent party, was a guest at the house of Henry Held, at Albany.

The late Mr. and Mrs. Vandenberg (aged deaf-mutes) were Vischer's grandfather and grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Thure E. Carlman will celebrate their wooden wedding. When married, they took up their residence in Chicago for two years. Then moved Eastward.

Miss Wadell's folks, who moved here from New Jersey, some time ago, still live in this section. The report that they removed to Brooklyn is erroneous. The fact is they moved to another house a few blocks away. Miss Wadell is working all the time in a Troy collar factory.

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Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Plenie; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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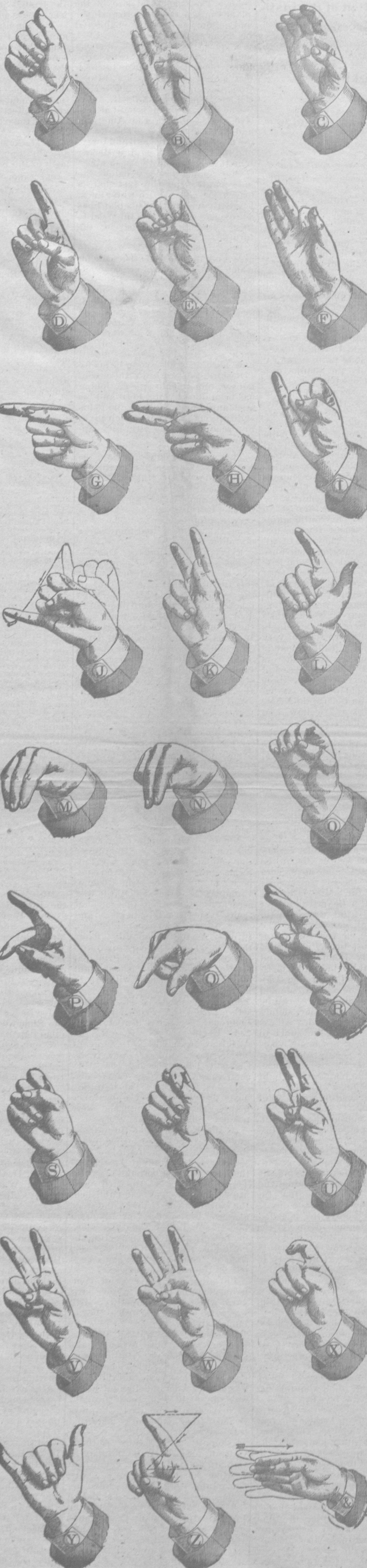
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PROGRAMME—BEGINNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M.

PART I

ADDRESS.

Remarks, by Enoch Henry Currier, M.A.,
Principal of the New York Institution,
on the Life and Work of the late Isaac
Lewis Peet, LL.D.

PART II

"THRILLBY"

a roaring burlesque in one scene and
several spasms.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Taffy Mr. I. N. Soper
Little Billie Mr. T. L. Lounsbury
The Laird Mr. A. L. Pach
Svengali Mr. W. G. Jones
"Thrillby" Mr. C. J. Le Clercq

PART III

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITIONS BY STUDENTS OF THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

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